

Yeah

I am naturally gifted and they hate that (they do)
I'm attracted to women, homie, straight facts (facts)
Woke up one mornin' with a face tat'
Looked in the mirror like "Damn, I can't replace that"
I got a multiple question before you take me home
Be honest with me, what's your favourite show on cable though?
The Wire, Walking Dead, Breaking Bad or Game of Thrones?
If none of the above, bitch, turn around and take me home (u-ey)
I like when asses are big, it makes it harder to grip
I know that karma's a bitch but she got marvellous tits
My career nothin' but net, yeah, but it's hardly a swish
Boy, you're in over your head, homie, you're garglin'
Piss, yeah, there's nothin' that I'm scared of
This is everyday shit, never been in rare form (never)
Walkin' round tellin' everyone that I'm in the Air Force (yup)
But they never seem to let it fly at the airport
I was the loosest, they will never not remember (uh)
Goin' out on a limb like gettin' legless on a bender
When it comes to rappers I'm the softest one out (truth)
I'm the type to shadow-box and get knocked the fuck out
I was the bright-eyed finite
In my prime time livin' life like this shit'd never skydive (breath)
A white guy tellin' all these people white lies
Like I wasn't chillin' where the white lies

Here's to them white lies
Oh, to them white lies
Ooh... baby, take my all, ooh
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Ooh... baby, take my all

Uh, I love fashion but these hat fads
Went from fitted's to snapbacks to rockin' a fuckin' lad hat
Now everybody just walkin' around in dad caps
And all I wanna see's a legionnaires with a back flap (I do)
Yeah, I'm back, bitch (yep), I'm on that rap shit
I'm here to tell 'em that the fact is
That you can't have a foot fetish with anybody who's not good (why?)
There's nothing worse than gettin' off on the wrong foot (oh)
All my organs are weapons of mass destruction
I told my girl, she reckons that that's disgustin'
I got fire arms and a fuckin' missile toe ([?])
But I get more screams when I use my fingers though
Yeah, that's pretty gross, yeah, that's sorta wrong
Yeah, that's just the level that I'm talkin' on
I got a small dick and foreskin that's sorta long
When I take a piss it's like I'm fillin' up a water bomb (gross cunt)
All the shit I did on drugs as a little cunt
I set fire to my pubes, it was lit as fuck (it's lit!)
And why is Snow White? (why?) 'Cause the winter came
I'd say danger's my middle name but, yo, the shit is James
I am Earl with a bit of Wayne, Drizzy
With a little Jay, a bit of Ma\$e, Biggie, with a smidge of Ye (settle down, mate)
Honest guys, I don't wanna fight whichya

Got the flow on fire like the Condamine river

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I know it seems lately I get my ramble on
Fuck this bipolar shit that I have landed on
But with the right medicine and right therapy
It's made it somethin' that I'm managin' to get a handle on
Depends on the plane that you travel on
You can't handle the baggage, how the fuck can you carry on?
And deep down, yo, I can be strong
But the best way to do it though is go and get my rappin' on
Always doin' shit that I prob'ly shouldn't
On the dance floor three-oh never lost his footin'
Goin' HAAM like "He's the man, like goddamn"
When I dance like Neo when he's dodgin' bullets (believe that)
I could screenshot DM's and horrify Twitter
That girl out her mind, I don't wanna fight wit' her (nope!)
But this male package is gettin' me fed x's
More than a woman who's endin' a text message
Kiss, hug, bae